Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childiſh, fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo. of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu. Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogither ioyleſſe.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I [illegible] go:
A husband, and a ſonne t[illegible]ſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of [illegible] allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
[illegible]all the pleaſures you vſurpe are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultleſſe bloud of prettie Rutland:

His

His curſes then from bitterneſſe
Denounſt againſt thee, are all fa
And God, not we, hath plagde t
Qu. So iuſt is God to right th
Haſt. O twas the fouleſt deed
And the moſt mercileſſe that e
Riu. Tyrants themſelues we
Dorſ. No man but prophecie
Buck. Northunberland then
Qu. M. What? were you ſnar
Readie to catch each other by t
And turne you now your hatre
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuail
That Henries death, my louely
Their Kingdoms loſſe, my wof
Could all but anſwere for that p
Can curſes pierce the clouds, an
Why then giue way dull cloude
If not by warre, by ſurfet die yo
As ours by murder, to make hi
Edward thy ſonne, which now is
For Edward my ſonne, which w
Die in his youth, by like vntime
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that
Outliue thy glorie, like my wre
Long maiſt thou liue to waile t
And ſee another, as I ſee thee n
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art
Long die thy happie daies bef
And after many lengthened in
Die neither mother, wife, nor E
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſt
And ſo waſt thou Lo: Haſtings
Was ſtabd with bloudie dagge
That none of you may liue yo
But by ſome vnlookt accident
Glo. Haue done thy charm
Q. M. And leaue out the ſt